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HONEY BLOSSOMS

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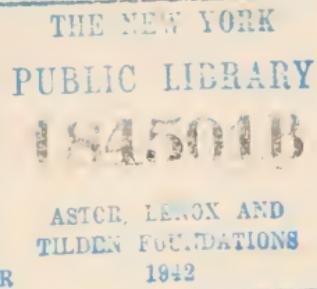
LITTLE BEES.

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INTRODUCTION.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT HOME.

“*W*HOSE home, mother?” some little boy or girl may ask. I will tell you. The pleasant home of Mr. Lawton. “Who *is* Mr. Lawton, mother? and *where* does he live?” the same little one may ask. Mr. Lawton is a dear, kind father, and he lives, most of his time, just perhaps as your father does, in a great, dusty, gloomy-

looking warehouse, somewhere *down town*, as we New York people say; but his *home*, where his *heart's treasures* are hoarded, and where he goes at the close of each day, for rest, and loving words, and welcoming kisses, lies in quite another part of this beautiful great city; and if you want to get a peep at it, you shall see whether it is any thing like your own beautiful home.

HONEY BLOSSOMS FOR LITTLE BEES.

CHAPTER I.

“ **A**OTHER, may we get up just as early as we have a mind to-morrow morning, and come to your door, and wish you a happy new-year ?”

“ Yes, Charlie, you may get up before the sun if you like, Fanny

and Walter, and Eddie and you, and for half an hour I will allow you to shout, and laugh, and make just as much noise as you please through the house until we are all fairly awake."

"Oh that's a dear mother; thank you, mother. Come, Fanny, let's see who will get to the top of the stairs first."

Charlie Lawton's mother went every night with her children to their little beds, for she knew (as



all mothers know, who love to get acquainted with their little boys and girls) that when the day is ended, and the hour comes for them to rest their tired feet, and their laugh is hushed, and the pillow feels *so* soft, and the covering *so* warm, that they often think of something they wish to tell her, which all day long they had saved *just* for her, or perhaps they would like to ask her a question they could not ask any one

else, for fear of being laughed at. Mothers do not laugh *at* their children, though they often laugh *with* them. And then she would tell them of the Good Shepherd who watches all night over the lambs of His fold ; and she would sometimes read to them of the promises He has made to those who love and obey His teachings.

This night before the new year, they were brimfull, on their very tiptoes with delight ; and Eddie,

who was only three years old, thought this was the first new year of creation. He could not exactly tell what he did think ; it almost seemed to him that every thing would have a new and beautiful look when he should wake in the morning ; that all this beauty and brightness would come to his mamma's room, and to his own rocking-horse, and his darling little kitten.

He did not know what divisions

of time meant, by hearing them named, though he marked each day as it passed, by waking with the sun for his breakfast, and by his hunger at noon, and leaning his pretty curly head on his mother's bosom as evening drew nigh.

“I wonder what we shall get for our presents to-morrow,” said Charlie. “I know what I want; what do you wish you could have, Fanny?”

“Well, I should like to have a

baby-house, and a box of tools," answered Fanny.

"Why, Fanny! if that is not the funniest thing I ever heard: a girl wishing for a box of tools!"

"Well, it's just what I want, any how, because I'd like to mend my hoop when it gets broken, and put up little shelves in my kitchen, that is, if I should have one; and do ever so many things, without running to father so many times," said Fanny.

“I think you are getting mighty independent,” said Charlie.

“O, well, I shall expect you to help me,” answered Fanny. “If I have a house, Walter, and Eddie, and all of you, must board with me, and all have a room.”

“*Each* have a room, if you please, Miss Fanny, not *all* have a room,” answered her brother.

“Well, well, *each* have a room; how particular you are in your speech; you should know what I

mean. And then, Charlie, you can make a little wash-bench for my tubs, and I will make the dearest little bit of a table."

"Did you ever hear of a lady's having her boarders make wash-benches for her?" asked Charlie.

"O, but you know we can make believe any thing we have a mind to," said Fanny.

"Now I will tell you what I should like to have," said Charlie: "a good, strong, real country wag-

on, big enough for you to sit in, with Eddie, and then Walter and I could draw you round the block."

"Yes ; oh, yes," said Walter. "And then you and I could take turns drawing each other, 'cause it would not look right to see Fanny do that ; and we could be 'spress man, too, for mother."

"But you haven't told us what you would like to have, Walter," said Charlie.

"Well, I don't know what, 'cept

Noah's ark, and a donkey, and a pretty picture story-book, if mother would read the stories to me," replied Walter.

"Won't father be surprised," said Fanny. "Such a beautiful Testament! I don't believe he'll have to go clear up to the window to-morrow morning to see the print, if his eyes are getting old. Do you think he meant that, Charlie?"

"Meant what, Fanny?"

“Why, that his eyes are getting old,” said Fanny; “they don’t look old.”

“Oh, no,” said Charlie; “’twas only the cloudy mornings that made him say so; any how, I’m glad sister Dora went with us, because she thought of the large print.”

“Isn’t it strange that little bits of children and real old people always like large print best,” said Fanny.

“That makes me think of something I read the other day I guess will puzzle you,” answered Charlie. “What kind of an animal is that which goes on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and on three legs at evening?”

“O, I am too sleepy to guess that,” said Fanny.*

* If my little readers are not as sleepy as Fanny, and their mother should not be near to help them guess, perhaps they would like me to tell them. The name of the animal is *Man*. Your baby, in the morning of life, creeps upon hands and feet, making for himself four legs to travel with. Your father, in the noon-tide of years, walks erect; and your dear old grandfather, whose evening of life brings feebleness and tottering steps, leans upon a cane.

“I think mother ’ll be most ’spised,” said Walter, “when she sees my Tit Bit; ’tis such a tiny-weeny bit of a book. But come, chillen, I’m going to sleep, I’m in such *an a hurry* for to-morrow morning. When you are in a hurry for to-morrow morning, you must go to sleep quick, for it only seems a minute after you shut your eyes, and pop comes morning.”

CHAPTER II.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

“*G*OOD morning, mother; a happy new year, mother; a happy new year, father!” said all three of the children, waiting at the door for permission to enter.

“Ting-a-ling-a-ling, is Mrs. Lawton at home? does she see her friends to-day?” said Charlie,

running in as they were bid. “A very cold morning, ma’am; you have a fine family, Mrs. Lawton: is this your youngest son?” and he ran up to Eddie’s crib, and woke his baby brother as he spoke. The little creature rubbed his eyes and asked, in a very sleepy tone, “Where *is* new year? I don’t see it: where did you put it, Charlie?”

“Hop out of your nest, and up on to my back, and I will show you,” said Charlie; and taking the

lead, the others followed him down into the back parlor—father and mother, and, lastly, sister Dora, coming down in their dressing-gowns.

How many such happy children do you suppose there were that day? Many, perhaps, but not any more deserving than those little Lawtons. . . .

“Why, mother!” said Charlie, “I believe you must be a fairy: if here isn’t just exactly what we

were wishing for ; Fanny's house, and the tools, and my wagon, and Walter's ark, and these pretty books ; and, Eddie, here's your new-year. O, what a tiny bit of a velocipede ! ”

“ That was my choice,” said their father. “ Put your brother in, Charles, and let him coast around with his propeller.”

“ Oh ! my new-year's just big enough to hold me,” said Eddie ; “ and it'll take me every where.”

In a moment he was steering in among the children ; the baby-house, Noah's family, and the carpenter's tools, all being spread out on the carpet.

“Take care, young navigator,” cried Charlie ; “go off into deeper water. I'm afraid you'll run down some of our small craft.”

“Now, Charlie, you and Walter are to have rooms in my house,” said Fanny ; “and we will see how many things we can make.

Let us see the books: 'The Children of the Bible,' for Charlie, that's because he likes the Bible so much. 'Little Frank Burton's First Visit to the Country,' I know who that's for; and 'Mother's Teaching, or the School I like best,' that's for me; mother says I am always playing school."

"After breakfast you may get a few things for your house, Fanny," said her mother; "I thought

you would rather choose, and so I only put a small number in."

"Thank you, mother; I should not have thought about that," said Fanny; "it seems as if mother knows just the nicest way; don't she, Charlie? I don't see what makes her so wise."

"Well, you see, Fanny, children don't know much, and mothers have to be wise," he answered.

"Eddie, here's a new dress for you to give to Nanny," said his

mother ; “ you and she are such good friends, I thought you would like to carry it to her.”

“ Oh, yes,” said the little fellow, “ wouldn’t I ! Whoa, pony, stand still, now,” and then he ran with Nanny’s dress to the foot of the stairs, and called out, “ Open the door, open the door ; I’s got somp-ing for you, Nanny.”

“ Oh, thank you, Eddie,” said Nanny, as she saw her pretty dress.

“Now, Nanny, you must tell me some more of your little stories, by-and-by, will you?” said Eddie.

“Oh, yes, man dear, that I will,” she said, “as soon as iver breakfast.”

After a while, parents and children were all ready for breakfast, and when they were seated at the table, it took a longer time than it generally did for the lesson of perfect silence to be learned. The

meal was eaten pretty quickly, however, when begun. The children looked from one to the other with very loving eyes, as their father took into his hand the new Testament bought for him, and Walter slipped his little hand under his mother's apron, where it was held fast, a prisoner, while their father selected a chapter. He opened at the eleventh of St. Luke :

“ If ye, then, being evil, know

how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

"Let us then pray, my children, not only on this beautiful morning of the new year, but every day, for the crowning gift of His grace. It is only that which can lead us to love His daily teachings, and to understand what he would have us do. Let us listen

to that ‘still small voice’ which spoke to Elijah after the whirlwind, and the earthquake, and the fire had passed, that we may be led to obey the lessons of the blessed Son of God, which are daily impressed upon us, no less than upon those who listened to his tones of tenderness. Charles, do you remember Whittier’s poem on Palestine ? the smooth-flowing verse can not fail to please all children who are fond of Bible history.”

As Charlie had, from a very little boy, been particularly fond of the Scriptures, he had taken a fancy to the piece, and said that he would recite it by-and-by.

Some of my little readers who may never have seen the lines, must ask their mother to read the poem to them.

Mrs. Lawton drew from beneath her apron Walter's Tit Bit. Such a pretty little book !

“ Dear little Walter, you gave

me the greatest treasure you had. It is not the size or the cost of what is given, but the love which goes with the gift, which makes us think so highly of even a trifle like this."

CHAPTER III.

“*N*ow then, madam,” said Charlie to his sister, as they left the breakfast table, “we will proceed to buy *our* housekeeping goods.”

“No, no, not *our* housekeeping goods. *You* are not to keep house; you are to have rooms in *my* house, and may furnish them. *I* am to be housekeeper.”

“Oh, yes ; pray excuse me, madam, I forgot ; perhaps I can assist you, by bringing home your articles. Come, Walter, suppose I should take you in my little wagon.”

“Oh, yes,” said Walter ; “won’t that be fun.”

“Eddie, do you want to go, too ?” asked Charlie.

“No, sank you ; I’se perticly ’gaged,” said Eddie ; and he traveled on from the tropical region

of the grate, to the higher latitude of the extension, and then back to sun himself in the loving looks with which his parents welcomed him home after every voyage.

In about an hour the sound of merry young voices, and little wheels upon the pavement beneath the windows, drew father and mother quickly there to get a peep at the returning children, just as they entered the court-yard.

They gathered up their furniture, and Charlie put his wagon into the stable, as he chose to call a corner of the back area, and then they came running in.

“Mother, I must tell you,” said Fanny, “Charlie was a very reasonable boy; he let me choose *his* things, and see what a pretty book-case I got for him, and two chairs and a little looking-glass; and then he had sixpence left, and we didn’t know what to do with

that, and I advised him to get this little dust-pan, it looks so bright, and it seems as if you knew how to be clean too ; but Walter would not listen to me at all ; he said he just wanted to have his own mind about his things, and I did not know what Mrs. Goodyear would say — he bought a supple Jack, and a churn, and a hopping-toad, and then he must have this little tea-kettle ; and then his money was most all gone, and he said he

must have a little change to bring home."

"You didn't know what Mrs. Goodyear would say!" exclaimed Walter; "I'll tell you, mother, what she said—I got almost acquainted with her, she was real kind—she said, 'Never mind, bubbly, you shall have your own way, you shall have your room fitted in your own fashion;' but I told her my name wasn't bubbly, it was Walter, and she said, 'You are a

fine boy, Walter ; your sister must not interfere with your affairs.' She did *consist so.*"

"Interfere with his affairs," said Fanny ; "but who ever *did* hear of such funny bed-room furniture, a supple Jack, a churn, a hopping-toad, and a tea-kettle ?"

Fanny's sense of propriety had been so offended she could not laugh while in the store, but when she saw how much her father and mother were amused, she began

to think it was only a comical notion of a very comical little boy, and she rolled over upon the carpet in a fit of laughter, before she could tell a word about her own purchases, or plan how they should put them up in the rooms. It took a long time to get all things just to suit them ; and then Fanny thought they had better have tea ; so she set out her thimble-cups, as Charlie called them, and placed some tiny bits of crackers, and

some sponge-cakes, which sister Dora gave them, and began with great politeness to ask the persons at the table how they would take their tea. She waited on Charlie, and then said, “Master Walter, do you love cream and sugar in your tea?”

“*I like* cream and sugar, if you please,” said Walter. “*I don’t love* any thing I eat or drink, I only love *people*.”

“Who told you that?” asked Fanny.

“Oh, I remember father said so, one time,” replied Walter.

“Well, Master Edward, what shall I help you to?”

“Oh, nosing, sank you, I’se hep mysep,” and he took the little waiter that held the crackers and cakes, and, emptying them all into his lap, was just gathering up his apron to run to his mamma, when she laid her hand gently

upon his arm, and said, "Let me show you, my little boy; you do not understand how to play tea."

The older children laughed merrily, but little Walter could not help raising his hand to stop him. He let it drop, however, by his side, when he saw his mother coming, and whispered to himself, "You should do good for evil."

When they had finished, Charlie proposed that they should go

out with their little wagon for a while, and then come home and look at their new books. This time Eddie thought he should like to go too; and calling for his *comperker* and *gubbs* (he said he didn't want his *yubbers*), he was warmly fitted for his drive. They raced around the block for nearly an hour, and then they came in with fine rosy cheeks.

“Now, mother,” said Walter, “will you please to read to me in

my new book? Let me sit close to you, and hold one part of the book—may be I could read it myself; but somehow I am so much more *interesting* when you read to me."

"*Interested*, do you mean, Walter?" said his mother. "Is the story made plainer by my reading?"

"Yes, yes, that is what I mean," said Walter. "The story seems just like real talking."

“ Well, then, let us see ;” and his mother put her arm around him, and drew him close to her as she read in

THE NEW BOOK.

CHAPTER IV.

“O-DAY I am going in the country,” said Frank Burton, lifting his bright face from the pillow; “to-day I am going in the country, and won’t I be glad then?”

“And are you not glad now?” asked his mother, kissing him tenderly.

“Yes: but when I get *there*,

Oh, Oh!" and he sprang out of bed, and capered across the floor, and tumbled right into a pile of clean aprons. His mother had just laid them on the carpet, for she was getting ready to pack his trunk, and laid his little clothes in one, two, three, four, I can't tell you many piles, so as to pack them readily. Frank tried to get up in a minute, but the aprons were so slippery, he went plump into a pile of something else ; he

was almost ready to cry. “I did not mean to do it, mother,” said he; “I’m afraid we’ll be too late.”

“Well, my child, you must remember to ‘look before you leap.’ I hope, if you live to be a man, you will never make a more serious mistake.”

“Oh, no, mother, I never shall; and you know men don’t wear aprons.”

His mother smiled, and then he thought they would not be too late.

Frank Burton was five years old, and he had never been in the country ! not in the *real* country, *for fair*. He had been taken to Greenwood many times, and had crossed the ferries in every direction, where they give city children a chance to breathe the fresh summer air, and once he had been to the High Bridge, so he would always tell you, only it rained when he and his cousin John got to Harlem ; and so they had to

come back in the next train of cars, and did not *see* the Bridge that time. But now he was going to sleep all night on board of a *steamboat*, and ride all day, or most all day, in a *steam-car*, and was to stay six weeks!

“Mother, how long is six weeks? Will it be all winter? Oh, I hope it will.”

“You must not shout and talk quite so loud,” said his mother, “when we get on board of the

boat. People will think you never went anywhere before."

"Well, I never *did* go anywhere, mother."

"Frank," said his mother, just after they had returned from breakfast, "do you think you can stand just where you are, and not disturb any of the clothes? I am going down stairs for a few moments."

"Indeed I can," said Frank. "I promise you I wont stir away from

the trunk, and I wont touch one of the things."

"Then I know you will not; if you promise, I have no fear."

Mrs. Burton went down, and came quickly back, for she began to feel how much she had yet to do before every thing could be in order; and when she looked into the room she exclaimed, "Frank! what have you been doing, my boy?"

"Why, nothing, mother; only

shutting down the lid of the trunk, to see how it would seem when it was all ready."

"But don't you know (I suppose you did not know) your father has the key of that little valise in his pocket, and he is two miles away ; and this is a spring lock, that fastens when the lid is closed, and your clothes are not nearly all packed : what am I to do ?"

This time Frank cried ; he was

sure they would be too late; but a happy thought came quickly to his mother's mind. She called her faithful Mary, and told her to take the trunk to a locksmith, and have a key fitted. In less than half an hour she was back, and then the packing of both trunks went on quickly. Frank could not leave his mother's room a moment. He wanted to put in all sorts of little things he owned, and when his mother would ask

him why he wanted them, he would say, "*Oh, 'cause.*"

"Please, mother, do take my little boat Cousin John whittled out for me, and this nice bit of twine."

"There is no stream of water very near your cousin's house for you to sail your boat, my dear," answered his mother.

"Yes, but you showed me on the map it is near Lake Ontario, and may be I shall go there; and

then I can tie this bit of twine on my boat and sail it."

It seemed as if five o'clock in the afternoon would never come. His Aunt Carrie called him into her room to wash and dress him, as she often did. He loved her dearly, and used to say, when his mother was out, Aunt Carrie was his other mother. Her home was there, and she was to go with them. While she was getting him ready, he would say, "Hark!

is that the carriage?" and then, in a little while, "Aren't you afraid the man will forget to come for us?"

But the man did not forget to come; and five minutes before five Frank heard carriage-wheels, and ran quickly to the door to save the coachman the trouble of ringing the bell. His father was at the boat to meet them. Frank held fast to his hand with both his own. He had no wish to ask

any more questions. His eyes and his ears, or his seeing and hearing, were quite enough for him.

It seemed to him that New York would be lonesome that night, so many people going away; and for a little while, as he stood watching the persons on shore, the poor little ragged boys and girls, with newspapers, and oranges, and candies to sell, there came into his young heart a feel-

ing of pity for them; they must be *so sorry* they couldn't go! Just then his father looked down and saw a tear gathering in his eye.

“But they can have some oranges and candies,” thought he; and so he said, as he saw his father's look of surprise.

“Who can have some oranges and candies?” asked his father.

“Why those poor little boys and girls who can't go with us;

they can have some of their own nice things to eat, can't they?"

Frank's father lifted him up on the railing, and put his arm lovingly about him. "You are learning now the meaning of one of the teachings of the Bible, by putting your soul in their souls' stead. You are too young, my child, to understand all the wickedness which clothes these children in rags, but keep your pity

for them, and while you have so much to enjoy, pray to your heavenly Father, that when you are a man, he will give you the understanding how to relieve such suffering."

While they were talking together, the great bell began to ring, and "All aboard" was shouted in their ears; and then the machinery began to move, and the little orange-boys had to stand back out of the way of the men,

who unwound a great rope which tied the boat fast to a post, and she floated off.

CHAPTER V.

“HY, Walter, I believe you haven’t spoken since mother began to read,” said Fanny, who could not help turning over the leaves of her own new book, while she listened to her mother. “Did you ever sit so still before?”

“Now, Fanny, you know I can sit still ever so long; and besides,

I didn't sit still now, for I just rode down in that carriage, and went with father up on deck, and waited for the boat to start, 'most as good any how! Mother, will you read another chapter to me?"

"By-and-by, my dear," said his mother.

"Well, I can look at the pictures," said Walter. "Here's Frank in among his clean aprons; don't he look funny? but he didn't feel so, and I don't believe

I should, either. And here's the boat; dear, dear, how it makes me want to go up in the country, right straight off!"

"Mother, I've got something very comical here, I want to read to you out of my book," said Fanny.

"Well, my dear, when I come down stairs, I will listen to you; I want to look after Eddie a little."

Mrs. Lawton stopped a moment

at her door, she heard such merry sounds within. Nelly was telling stories to Eddie, and she thought truly enough, that if she went in, she should perhaps break the thread of one; so she listened with her hand on the knob, and the door ajar. “Please, Nelly, tell it all over to me once more,” said Eddie.

“Was there iver sich a boy, now! I believe ye’s have me telling it all the time; but if ye don’t

tire, why should I? Well, when Nelly lived home in Ireland, there was a gintleman's pairk jist by me faither's, and it was full up of beautiful trees, and deer; and there was donkeys, and a little bit of a donkey-cairt for the childers; and there was one young deer, kind of a pet, like, with his horns all dressed out with ribbins. He got out one day, and came running, running down the road, and Nanny thought she would stop him;

an so out I ran, and put me two arms out wide, so, to catch him, like ; and down he came, jist as hard as iver he could come, and he leapt up on my shoulders, and threw Nanny right down on the broad of her back." And then Eddie shouted and laughed, and wanted to know if Nanny wasn't hurt, sure, and put his arms around her, and kissed her over and over again.

" You are having a very merry

time, Eddie, I think," said his mother, going in.

"Oh, yes; please, Nanny, tell mamma," said Eddie.

Nanny looked out and saw a few flakes of snow in the air, and began:

"White fowl featherless
Flew from Paradise,
My lord landless
Took it up handless,
Chewed it toothless,
Swallowed it mouthless."

"You are my girl, arn't you?" said Eddie. "Maybe sometime

I'se go to your home, and see that pretty deer, and get a ride in that little donkey-cart. I'se most sorry I growing to be a man," he said, after moment, looking down at his new pants.

"Well, now, jist hear the child ; I thought the likes of ye always wanted to be *raal* big," said Nanny.

"And so I do," said Eddie ; "but I love to sit in your lap, and hear such pretty stories ; and to

hug mamma, and have so many kisses."

"Ah, well," said Nanny, "it 'll take a bit yet, before your feet will come to the floor when ye sit here."

Mrs. Lawton smiled ; she did not feel in any haste herself for Eddie to be a man, or grow too large to sit on her lap ; and she gave him what he called a whole bundle of kisses, and asked him whether he would like to go down in the parlor a while ?

“Yes, I would,” he answered, “if Nanny will carry me so,” climbing, as he spoke, on to her back, and clasping his arms tightly about her neck.

“Ye’re a fine lazy gintleman,” said Nanny; “but come along wid ye.”

Just then the door bell rang, and as they reached the parlor, a young gentleman came in, whom Eddie remembered to have seen a few times. Mr. and Mrs. Lawton,

and sister Dora, seemed to be well acquainted with him. Eddie sat in Nanny's lap, looking at the pictures in the new books, when Mr. Clinton, their visitor, spoke to him.

"What have you there, my little boy; any pretty story that you can read to me?"

"I'm not *your* little boy," said Eddie. "I'm mamma's little boy, mamma's *man child*; but Nanny can tell you some pretty stories for your little boy at home."

“Oh, thank you,” said Mr. Clinton; “I like to hear them myself, but I have no little boy at home.”

Mrs. Lawton explained to Eddie that Mr. Clinton was not married, that he had no wife or child.

“No wife!” said Eddie; “no child!” and he looked compassionately upon him. “Why, who eats at table with him?”

How the children did laugh, and how serious sister Dora look-

ed, feeling, no doubt, so sorry for poor Mr. Clinton !

“ Couldn’t you come and eat at table with me ? ” asked the gentleman of Eddie.

“ I don’t think my mamma could spare me, *any how* , ” said Eddie ; “ but you might come and eat here.”

“ And then,” said Walter, in a loud whisper to Eddie, “ tell him we can be his brothers, and mamma can be his mamma.”

“Oh, no!” said Eddie, and he laughed at the seemingly ridiculous idea; “he is ever so much too big to have a mamma.”

At this Mr. Clinton looked rather serious too; perhaps he was thinking of the time when he was not too big to have a mamma: of the time when he lived in a beautiful far-off country home, and had his parents, and brothers and sisters all around him; and he might have thought that Mr. Law-

ton's family resembled somewhat his own father's household. The dinner bell rang very opportunely then, and Eddie slipped down off Nanny's lap, and took Mr. Clinton's hand so lovingly to lead him down to the table, that he could not resist the inclination he felt to cultivate the little boy's acquaintance, even if Eddie did think he was too big to have a mamma.

When they returned to the par-

lor, after dinner, and Mr. Clinton had left, Walter said,

“Now, then, sister, if you will please read to me about Frank sleeping on board the boat, and his ride in the cars.”

“Then suppose you should wait, Fanny,” said Mrs. Lawton, “until we get through with Walter’s book, before we begin yours, as we are all very much interested in them.”

“Well; Charlie and I can be

looking at the pictures in ours, if we have a mind to; we will turn the leaves softly."

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK BURTON did not get tired with looking and wondering. His father led him all about the boat. He looked at the machinery, and saw the pilot with his great wheel, and asked questions to his heart's content.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Burton called him to go to bed. He said

he wasn't a bit sleepy, but he liked to go into that pretty little room. After he got into the berth, he drew the curtains, but he would pop his head out every few minutes.

“Mother, will the boat make calls all night? It seems to me she stops at every house she comes to.”

Sleep at last surprised him. In the morning he said he had not felt sleepy, and he did not think

he had closed his eyes all that night; he had lain there, and been rocked, and waited for the time to get up.

Now came another busy time. They got their breakfast at the hotel, and then, whiz, whiz, away they went! Frank looked out of car windows and said, "The roads had striped carpets on them;" and just as he was counting the colors, a puff of wind lifted his new straw hat, and it flew like a

great white bird away into a field, and was out of sight in an instant.

“Oh, my beautiful new hat!” he exclaimed. “Can not the cars stop for it?” His father explained to him how troublesome that would be ; and after looking rather sober for a few moments, he smiled happily again, and said, “Some little boy will have a pretty hat, and may be will bring it to the cars when we come back.”

His mother tied her handkerchief over his head, and that made the little boys and girls laugh ; and so they traveled on for several hours.

“ Will I have to wear a handkerchief on my head for six weeks, mother ?” Frank asked, after a while.

“ No, my child, I think not,” she answered, smiling.

“ Why ! do they have hats to sell in the country ?”

“Yes,” said his mother; “and sometimes the farmers make them; but you shall see. Here we are at the end of our journey.”

They got out at a pretty village, and their trunks were thrown out in great haste, Frank’s standing on one end.

“Oh, I’m afraid my clothes will be all tumbled if my trunk stands so! Why! I thought we were going into a country where there wasn’t any side-walks,” and he

was just ready to cry with disappointment.

“ You forget, my child,” said his mother, “ that I told you your cousin lived a mile out from the place we should stop at; and there he comes now, with his farm wagon, big enough to take us, trunks and all, in.”

Frank looked at the long, wide box, with its cross-board seats, covered that day with beautiful buffalo robes; and the great horses,

which seemed to him twice as big as any he had ever seen before ; and thought the whole was about a match for that enormous boat which brought them away from New York.

The pleasant greetings were soon over. Frank was introduced to his cousin, whose name was George Brown, and his cousin's little boy, Harry, about six years old ; and then his mother and Aunt Carrie were helped into the

wagon. Aunt Carrie said she would ride on the front seat with Cousin George, she had so many questions to ask him. Frank's father put the trunks in, and finding a snug little corner in the clean straw for the two boys, he seated himself, and they started for the farm.

CHAPTER VII.

“AVE you got a good many cows, Harry ?” asked the little city cousin.

“ Cows !” said Harry, “ I guess you’ll think so. Let me see—there’s Betty, she’s one, and Dolly, she’s two, and Jenny, she’s three.”

“ Who are all they ?” interrupted Frank ; “ your sisters ?”

“Sisters!” said Harry, “no *sir!*
I’m counting up our cows.”

“I did not know cows had names,” said Frank. “I thought only people had names.”

“Well, now you know cows have names. And Jenny, she’s three,” and then holding up his left hand, he began with his thumb. “Brindle, and White Face, and Frisk, and Black Foot, and Belle, five more; three and five are how many?”

“I know,” said Frank; “three and five more make eight.”

“Well, that’s just as many cows as we have got.”

Cousin George’s horses were a very little while getting back to their pleasant home. Horses know their home as well as children do; and when they have a good one they love it.

When the visitors were driven up to the door, all the family came out to tell them how glad



WATCH GREETING FRANK.

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they were they had come. Cousin George's dog, Watch, leaped up almost to his master's head ; he wagged his great bushy tail, and frisked about as playful as a kitten. He kissed Harry, in his fashion, by licking his face, and then he came with a bound up to his new friend. Frank was not looking for such a how do ye do, and over he tumbled upon the grass, and the dog licked away at his face, kissing his mouth, and

nose, and eyes, with one lap of his great tongue.

I suppose he thought Frank rolled over on the ground just for a frolic ; but Frank was frightened, though he was a manly, brave little boy. He had never travelled, as you know, and was not much acquainted with the ways of dogs.

Frank did not go into the house with his father and mother, and Aunt Carrie, Oh, no ! he could

not stay yet to go into the house ; he must see how Cousin George's Peter *unhooked* the harness, and look into all the *rooms* where the wagon belonged, and the harness was kept.

When Peter was ready to turn the horses into the field, he lifted Frank up on to Fanny's back, and put Harry on Billy's back, and then he led the two animals away.

It was nothing new for Harry to ride so ; but Frank had never

been so high in the air before. He had to hold on to Fanny's *hair*, as he called her mane. That first horseback ride he enjoyed with perfect delight. He knew in his heart, if he lived to be as old as —Oh, ever so old, he never would forget dear Fanny. He could have hugged Peter, and felt as if he loved every body in the world.

When they came to the bars, the little boys were carefully lifted off, and Peter turned the creatures

in. Fanny whinnied, and her little colt came bounding across the field to meet its mother. They put their heads close together, and it seemed just as if Fanny told her child where she had been, and who she had brought back, for they both looked around at Frank, and then, as if they wanted to show him what fun country horses can have, they arched their necks in the prettiest way, and throwing up their heels, galloped

off to the farthest corner of the lot.

“Now, Frank,” said Harry, “we’ll go and hunt eggs; there will be just time enough before milking.”

“Hunt for eggs!” said Frank; “where do you hunt for eggs?”

“Why, in the nests, to be sure,” said Harry.

“Oh!” said Frank; but he did not know where the nests could be. This time he thought he would wait and see.

Harry ran into the house, and brought out two small baskets, and giving one to Frank, said, "Come."

They went to the barn. Frank stood perfectly still for a few moments, when they first went in, the building looked so large to him. A few loads of new-mown hay had been put up in the mow, and the air was sweet with the odor of it. The child looked around, but he could not see any

flowers. "What makes the place smell so sweet?" he asked. "Is there any Cologne water here, Harry?"

"Any what?" said Harry, who had climbed up out of sight, and almost out of hearing of the question, looking for stolen nests among the hay.

"What makes the place smell so sweet?" Frank repeated.

"I don't smell any thing but the hay," said Harry.

Just then some swallows came twittering across the barn, high up, and crept into what Frank thought looked like a tiny basket without a handle, fastened to the side of the house. All this time he had not thought about the eggs.

Harry called out to him from his perch, "What are you waiting for, Frank? Look in among the empty stalls, and see if you can find any nests there."

Frank looked in every corner, and after a while he came upon a prize. They searched all the places where it was likely or unlikely that the hens would make their nests, and then they carried the eggs in to Cousin Margaret.

“There goes Peter after the cows,” said Harry; “shall we go too?”

“Why, don’t the cows live here?” asked Frank.

“Yes, but they go out to spend the day sometimes,” said Harry, with a mischievous smile. “You haven’t seen our Lizzie yet, have you?” he continued.

“Who is Lizzie?” asked Frank.
“Another cow?”

“Well, you are the funniest boy, Frank; you thought the cows were my sisters, and now you think my sister is a cow.”

The little boys had a good-natured laugh together, and Frank

was sure he should love his Cousin Lizzie, even if he had thought she was a cow.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANK'S father and mother, and Aunt Carrie, all came out to the milking. Lizzie was with them, and although Frank had been taught not to wish for what belonged to another, he could not help thinking if Lizzie was his sister instead of Harry's, how he should love her. She brought a little cup and milked

into it for him. While they were walking back to the house, Frank whispered to his mother that he had learned how to *pick* eggs.

Lizzie had two Casset lambs which gave Frank great delight. They frolicked about the door, and would run into the house with as much freedom as the children. Cousin George told Frank that he must notice how Watch played with them, and how he seemed to feel a parent's care for them. But

now, as they were returning from the milking, the lambs scrambled heels over head after their drink of milk. In a few moments Lizzie came from the milk-room with a basin in her hand. The lambs leaped upon her so that she had great difficulty in preventing them from spilling the milk. As soon as she set the basin upon the grass, the pretty creatures made a dive, and drank with great vehemence for two or three seconds,

and then turned away, leaving at least a half pint of milk in the basin.

“Why, I thought you were hungry,” said Frank; “here you have left ever so much milk; you are the funniest chaps that ever I saw, to make such a fuss about a little milk.”

“They know when they get enough,” said Mrs. Burton. “They are not greedy, wanting to eat as long as they can get any thing to eat.”

When they had finished their supper, Watch made a spring toward them ; they gamboled off, about the orchard, for half an hour, rolling and leaping over each other in high glee. At length they grew weary ; they stretched themselves upon the grass to rest, and Watch curled himself up between them.

“ Now,” said Mr. Brown to Frank’s father, “ if you should offer to lift one of those lambs, you

would see how quick Watch would bid you 'be off.' "

Mr. Burton walked cautiously up to the three loving playmates, who seemed to have settled themselves for the night. When he was within two or three feet Watch opened one eye and peeped; as Mr. Burton stretched out his hand toward the lambs, the dog raised his head and uttered a low surly growl, a sort of short command to let them alone. Mr. Burton

advanced one more step, and the faithful protector started to his feet and bristled up like a lion. Mr. Brown called to him then to lie down. At the sound of his master's voice the dog obeyed, though he continued to look through his half opened eye as long as Mr. Burton remained near.

Frank stood watching them attentively, when his mother called him to come in. He commenced singing,

“The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, Drink, pretty creature, drink.”

“Will you sing the whole of that, mother, for me?” he asked, as he followed her up to bed. Mrs. Burton sung it for him, as he wished. His lids drooped slowly, until at last the pretty curtains, with their long silken fringes, were drawn closely over his eyes, and his little active limbs and brain had rest.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK woke early the next morning, and lifting up his head, listened for some minutes to the birds singing their morning songs in some trees very near the windows.

“Aunt Carrie, whose Canary birds are those?” he asked.

“They are God’s Canaries,” she replied.

“Well, he must have a great many cages, or one very big one, for so many birds,” said Frank.

“Come to the window, my dear, and I will show you how large his cage is,” said Aunt Carrie.

Frank ran quickly to the window, and there he saw more birds than he could count flying from one tree to another, and then away across the garden; and one hopped along the fence and flew up over the house. “These birds

have the whole country for their cage," said his aunt.

"And does God feed them?" asked Frank.

"Yes, my dear, God feeds them. Do you remember what Christ said? 'Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.' God has so made these birds, that they know what is best for them to eat: and where to find it."

While they were talking, Harry tapped at the door: "Are you dressed, Frank?" he asked. "Not quite," answered Frank; and then, in a whisper to Aunt Carrie, he said, "We wont tell him I haven't begun to dress."

"Well, let us see," said his aunt. "Did you not mean to lead your cousin to suppose that you had commenced dressing?" Frank thought a second, and then said, "I believe I did."

“And yet you had not begun to dress?”

“No.”

“Then did you not deceive him?”

“Why, yes, Aunt Carrie, I suppose I did; but I did not think so at the time.”

“No, my dear little boy, I know you did not; but little children are often thoughtless in this way, and need some older friend to talk kindly with them about such mat-

ters ; so that, as they grow older, they may have right ideas about their conduct."

By this time Aunt Carrie had finished washing Frank, and he dressed quickly, and went down to meet his cousin.

CHAPTER X.

“**H**ICH would you rather see first; my little kittens, or the little bits of pigs?” asked Harry.

“Oh, I should like to see the pigs first; I never in my life saw any very little ones,” said Frank.

“Well, if you would like to see them eat,” said Harry, “you may

take these pea-pods and throw them into the pen."

When the pigs saw the little boys coming, they all began to squeal and put up their noses.

"O, you pretty little white things!" said Frank; "what a pity it is you are pigs. It seems to me I ought to give most of these pods to the mother, Harry, don't you think so? as she has the family to take care of, and let the other big pigs wait

for their breakfast until Peter comes."

Frank gave the mother a few at a time, and made them last a long while. After they had finished feeding the pigs, they went to look after the hens and chickens. Frank watched them a long while, and then he said to Harry, "Isn't it funny colts, and pigs, and chickens have a mother, but they can't have any Aunt Carrie or Sister Lizzie. I should think

they would be lonesome sometimes. Now Harry, will you show me the kittens?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, the kittens," said Harry. "I will show you into pussy's nursery," and he climbed a short ladder leading to a loft over the wood-house.

"Here are the kittens," said Harry; "but I don't see their mother." Frank lifted each one and patted it, and laid it to his cheek.

“Let us go and find pussy,” said Harry; “and bring her here, and then see how they will kiss each other.”

The little boys scrambled down the ladder, and Harry began calling, “Puss, puss, puss.” They listened attentively, but could not hear any answer. They searched all about, and then they thought they would go to the barn. As they passed the well, Harry thought he heard a faint m-e-w.

“Hark!” said he; “Frank, I think I hear pussy’s voice;” and he called louder. “M-e-w,” answered pussy, very mournfully. “Why, she sounds as if she were down in the well,” said Harry; and running into the little house built over the well, he raised himself on tip-toe, and peeped over the curb.

“Frank! Frank!” he exclaimed; “what shall we do? puss is down in the well!”

Frank took a peep, and sure enough, he could just see a little white speck away down in the darkness, and hear a faint, imploring cry.

“We must call father,” said Harry, “in a minute;” and he ran quickly to the house, giving the alarm. Not only Mr. Brown, but all the household came out, wondering how the cat came to be in the well, and more perplexed still as to the means of get-

ting her out. Aunt Carrie began to sing

“Ding, dong, bell,
The cat is in the well;
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.”

“Little Johnny Green don’t live here,” said Harry; “and I am sure Frank and I would neither of us do such a naughty trick.”

Mr. Brown said, “Suppose we lower a basket; I can see her clinging to the side of the well. I think she will jump into the

basket." This was soon done, but the timid creature only looked at their offer, and continued her mournful cry.

"I will tell you what we can do," said Mrs. Brown, with a mother's instinct; "place her kittens in the basket, and then see what she will do."

Lizzie ran, and quickly brought the little creatures in her apron. They were laid in very tenderly, and the basket was lowered a

second time, the whole four mewing piteously. There were so many heads gathered about the curb, that little light could reach down to show pussy's movements; but Mr. Brown felt her weight as she sprung into the basket, and as he hoisted it up, a general shout of joy and congratulation greeted the astonished cat. So the poor little helpless kittens were made the means of saving their mother's life.

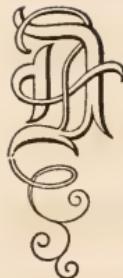
Just then Frank caught sight of Peter leading the horses to water, and he started off for a ride. When his mother called him to breakfast, he said he wasn't a bit hungry, and so he used to say, almost every time she called him to the table ; and he never was sleepy when night came. Don't you think the country must be a fine place, where people don't need to eat, and where they need not waste any time in sleep ?

At the end of a week Mr. Burton had to return to New York. How his little boy did *pity* him! But Frank promised to write to his father, for he *could* write; and his mother had taught him so that he could make out quite a nice little letter. Cousin George had his great wagon brought up to the door, and as many as it could hold got in to go to the station with Mr. Burton.

They did not wait long for the

cars. Frank was almost frightened as he stood and saw them coming nearer and nearer, with a mighty rush. His father sprang upon the platform, and in a moment was out of call.

CHAPTER XI.

AY after day passed by, and Frank fed the pigs, and rode the horses down to water, and drove away the cows, and carried lunch up into the field for the reapers.

He said his lessons, too ; he was a very good boy, willing to learn as well as play ; and his

mother thought he would enjoy himself better if he rested for an hour every forenoon, in her room, and then he would not forget what he had learned at home.

“Do you want to write to your father this morning?” she asked, one day when Mr. Burton had been gone about a week.

“Yes, ma’am,” answered Frank.

“Well, then, sit down and I will tell you how to begin your letter.

“But I can’t think what to write, mother,” the little boy said.

“If your father sat in that chair, would you not have something to say to him?”

“Oh, yes, I would jump and hug him.”

“Well, *write that*, and then I dare say you will think of something else. Here is the place to begin; date it first, you know,” said his mother.

“May I date it just as I’ve a

mind to?" asked Frank. "Yes," said his mother.

And here is the letter.

"COUSIN GEORGE'S FARM, *August, 1856.*

"DEAR FATHER—If you were here, I would jump right up and hug you. I have made up my mind to be a farmer. I am going to learn all I can next winter. I am going to buy Cousin George's farm next spring. Cousin George put a halter on *our* colt to-day;

how he did cut up—*we* could hardly hold him.

“From your dear son,

“FRANK BURTON.”

You must not think Frank wrote this as quickly as you read it; no, indeed. He had to ask his mother every few minutes how to spell a word; but he knew how to make all the letters, and very pretty letters, too, for such a little boy. His mother had no other

child, and she could spend more time in teaching him than some mothers can spend, who have two or three little boys and girls; though Frank used often to say he wished he had a little brother or sister. One night he called his mother back, after she had put him in bed, and was nearly down stairs: "Mother, mother, I want to speak to you just a minute, I want to ask you a question."

"Well, my child, what is it?"

“If I should ever have a little sister, don’t you think Fanny would be a pretty name for her? it sounds so near like Frank.”

“Yes,” answered his mother, “a very pretty name; and now you must go to sleep; good-night.”

“Good-night, mother; I didn’t mean to trouble you when I called you back; I was afraid I should forget about it if I waited till morning. Give me one more kiss —good-night.”

CHAPTER XII.

ONE evening, when Frank had been at his Coz George's about a month, he went with Peter, as he frequently did, to feed the pigs.

“One of these pigs *is missin*,” said Peter; “it’s Miss Lizzie’s pig, too.”

“Shall I go find him?” asked Frank.

“Yes, sir,” said Peter, “I wish you would.”

Frank started off, calling Harry, and the two made diligent search, but came back without the pig. Peter looked, and Cousin George looked ; they were obliged, however, to give up the search that night.

Early the next morning they started out, and at length Peter found the little object. He had fallen into a spring in the meadow,

just deep enough to hold him a prisoner.

He had struggled hard to get out, and riled the water so that he was covered with mud. When Peter found him he was almost dead. He lifted him kindly, singing as he did so,

“You are young to leave your mammy yet.”

Peter carried him in his arms to the house. Lizzie talked and lamented over him as if he could

understand her words of sympathy. She warmed some milk, and saturated with it a small bit of sponge, which she put to his mouth. The famished pig sucked eagerly. After she had fed him as much as she thought was prudent, she had Peter to bring a tub filled with warm water, into which she lifted the poor little muddy creature, and then Lizzie scoured him with a scrubbing-brush. Harry and Frank danced about her

with great glee, while piggy was taking his bath; and they both wanted to help rub him dry when he came out. No little boy, who may meet with mishaps, need wish more timely help, or more affectionate sympathy than was given to this little pig, in his time of greatest trouble. While they were giving piggy his last dry rub, Frank spied David, Peter's son, mounted on Fanny. Frank was wonderfully quick at discovering

any opportunity for *fun*, so he dropped the towel, and ran down the road after David.

“Hilloa!” he shouted, “where are you going, Davy? Can’t you take up two little chaps?”

“I’m ‘feared you wont be able to stick on,” said David.

“No fear, no fear,” answered Frank and Harry, in one breath.

“Well, give us your hand, then,” said David.

Frank seized hold, and was



THE RIDE.

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quickly mounted in front, and Harry was as quickly on behind.

“I’m *goin’* to the blacksmith’s,” said David; “and there’s an *awful big* hill to be got over. You must hold fast, both on you.”

The little boys reached the shop safely, and Frank was greatly entertained, watching the man’s operations. He began singing the song of the blacksmith, which seemed to be as amusing to Vulcan as his labors were to Frank.

“Can’t you give us a little more of your music?” he asked, as Frank ended the first verse.

“Yes, sir,” said Frank, “if you like to hear it;” and he sang the whole through. It is such a pretty song, I think every little boy who goes in the country ought to be able to sing it.

“Well, my little man,” said the blacksmith, when he and Frank had both finished, “I don’t know whether I ought to charge any

thing for this job. When your horse wants a shoe, you must come and 'buy one for a song.' "

Frank smiled, and the three mounted to return. They were all in a merry humor, as well as Fanny; and when they were about half way up David's '*awful big hill*,' Harry jolted off at the horse's tail. He was up and on in a minute, and trot, trot, went Fanny over the other side. As she began to descend the hill, she

stooped her head suddenly, and over rolled Frank upon the ground. He was a good deal frightened, but as they were near home, he smothered his fears. Soon as he saw his mother, he burst into a loud cry, "O, mother! I believe I've put my ankle *out of jumping*."

"I hope *nothin'* has happened," said David (just as if nothing *had* happened!) "but you see when we was a *goin'* up hill, Harry, he slipped off the tail, and when we

was a goin' down hill, Frank, he slipped over the head."

"You are not to blame, David," said Mrs. Burton, kindly. "I suppose the little boys insisted on riding with you. I will examine Frank's ankle." She examined the ankle and found no serious injury. She was not sorry he had bought prudence by a little timely experience, and she tried to soothe him gently.

Lizzie met him at the door.

“Did you know,” said she, “that we have a little baby visitor; you must be careful not to wake him.”

“Whose baby is he?” asked Frank. “Oh, he’s got a cap on!” said he, as he walked on tip-toes up to the lounge, and Lizzie folded back a pretty white baby-quilt, and there lay, all dressed with cap and baby-clothes, the poor little piggy.

“Now, Lizzie!” said Frank, a

little offended at being hushed for fear of waking the baby, but more amused at the comical appearance of the pig ; “ I must believe you’ve told a story : he ain’t a bit of a baby.”

“ Oh, yes,” said Lizzie, “ he is his mother’s baby.”

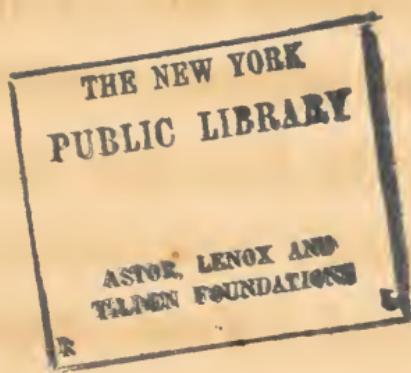
Frank laughed, and they all laughed, and Frank said, “ Lizzie is a dear, funny girl. I’m sure if he was a real baby for fair, we couldn’t have had half so much

fun ; so I'm glad I didn't know who he was."

"Now," said Mrs. Burton to Frank, "suppose we go up stairs, and you should rest a while ; and then it will be time for you to get your lessons."

Frank said, "Yes ; only let me help carry piggy to his mother."

Lizzie began to undress the youngster. His strength had so far returned, that she found it a more difficult task than the dress-





THE REFRACTORY PIG.

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ing had been. He squealed and kicked after a very piggish manner, until he got the cap strings into a knot. Finally he struggled himself out of her lap, and started off at a brisk trot, with the baby-cap still on, and if David had not caught him, I don't know but he would have run blindly into the spring in the meadow again before his mother saw him. He was brought back, however, amid the uproarious mirth of the

children. The cap-strings were cut, and he was quickly restored to his family, who greeted him with a pretty general and sonorous grunt.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK went one morning with his mother and Aunt Carrie, and Cousin Lizzie, to take a walk down by the Lake shore; Watch went with them, and as soon as they reached the water, he sprang in, and swam out where it was deep. He seemed to enjoy himself very much. By-and-by he came out;

his long shaggy hair was all dripping. He ran up to Aunt Carrie, and rubbed himself against her beautiful white morning-gown, before Lizzie could send him off.

“Watch! you are too dainty,” she said. “You like a fine white towel to wipe yourself on; but it is a shame you have wet this pretty dress so.”

Aunt Carrie had to stand in the sun, and let it dry. Watch knew very well he had done something

he ought not, and his eyes said as plainly as a dog could say it, that he hoped she would excuse him. He did not promise he would not do so again, for I suppose he knew he should do it the very next chance he had ; and so it turned out ; for he took another bath, and in ten minutes' time he wiped his dripping hair on Mrs. Burton's dress. Frank laughed till he rolled over on the grass.

Every night, while his mother

was undressing him, the little boy would have something to tell her.

“How kind every body is to me,” he said one time. “When Cousin George’s neighbors are driving by, they ask me to get in. Mr. Sparrow was going to the blacksmith’s to-day, and he asked me if I would like to see a horse have his foot measured for a pair of new shoes? When we were coming back, he lifted me on his knee, and let me take hold of the

lines. You know Cousin George often lets me drive. But my ! how Mr. Sparrow's horses did go ! I 'spect they were proud of their new shoes. I don't believe *father* could have held them ; you know he isn't so used to driving as I am, and 'twas as much as I could do to hold them. Cousin Margaret is so kind, too ; she says I eat my breakfast so quickly, she thinks I must eat very little, and will get hungry before dinner time ; and

calls me into her milk-room every forenoon, and gives me a bowl of *dilicious* milk, and a piece of her nice rye-bread or ginger-bread."

CHAPTER XIV.

IX weeks did not last all winter, as Frank hoped, and the time drew near for him and his mother, and Aunt Carrie to return to New York. Mr. Burton came to bring them home. On the afternoon previous to their leaving, as Mrs. Burton was going out to call her little boy to supper,

she met him at the door coming in with a rush.

“Mother! I want to ask a great favor of you,” he said. “I don’t ‘spect you will say yes; but I want to know if I may ask just one question.”

Mrs. Burton smiled lovingly, and said, “Yes, you may ask the question.”

“I must tell you first,” said Frank, “all about it, how it happened. You know how I love to

watch the chickens, and hear the mother talk to her little ones, and hear them answer; and to-night when they were creeping under the old hen's wings, I said, 'Good-by, chick-a-dees, your Cousin Frank will be gone when you go to sleep to morrow night.' And Coz George said, 'Frank (I didn't ask him, mother, I know I didn't ask him), Frank, would you like to have a pair of fowls to take home with you?' I did not wait even

to answer him, but ran just as you were calling me in ; and now, mother, *could* you *possibly* give me the privilege of carrying them home. I don't 'spect you could ; but, O, I would be the happiest boy alive, if you should say yes !"

"I will say yes, Frank," Mrs. Burton replied, "if you will be content with certain conditions."

"Oh, indeed I will, mother ; any conditions, if I may have such pets."

“Well, my conditions are, if Cousin George really thinks they can be carried in the cars without suffering, and you will consent to give them up cheerfully, when we think it is best.”

“Yes, yes, mother,” said the little eager boy; “any thing you say. I am sure we can carry them comfortably. Let me run and thank Cousin George, and tell him what you say.”

The last morning of their visit,

Frank was permitted to go out earlier than usual, that he might see the cows milked, and he kissed them all good-by. But the chickens were his greatest delight. His little head was full of little plans for their comfort.

Cousin George put them in a basket, and sewed a piece of coarse strong cloth, with two holes in it, over the top. Out of these holes, master Shanghai and his loving mate would pop their heads, and

draw them in every minute, seeming to consult each other, as they did so, about the extraordinary proceedings, and looking with very curious eyes upon all who were gathered around them. A bag of corn was next provided, and then a consultation followed, whether the conductor would allow *such* passengers, and such produce in a passenger car. Frank said that chickens were not *cattle*, and such a small bag of chicken-

feed was not *grain*; and he *guessed*, if he paid half price, the conductor would let them pass.

How rich little Frank Burton *had* grown in friends! He must take an affectionate leave of all. He did not forget one of his mute playmates. Even the pigs he visited, to say “good-by.”

“It don’t seem as if these chickens could be mine,” he said, as Peter handed the basket up to him.

In an hour after leaving their kind cousin's house, our city friends were seated in the cars. The conductor said nothing, only smiled as Frank passed in, with his little basket on one arm, and his bag of corn in the other hand. The little feathered travelers thrust their heads so far out that Frank became alarmed ; but after a moment they drew in again, and picked with great delight at some bits of apples which he offered

them coaxingly. Mr. Burton got some water for them at several of the stations. At Albany the party took the Hudson River cars, that they might sleep in their own home that night. Frank, to be sure, did not wait to reach home, he nestled himself down lovingly between his father and mother, and slept for an hour. When he awoke he wished he had a cracker. It happened that they had neglected to provide for such a late

want ; but his father said the next time the cars stopped he would get out and buy some crackers. In a few moments the train halted, and Mr. Burton stepped off, without asking the conductor how long they would remain. He had scarcely cleared his foot from the platform, before the train moved on, separating him from his family. Mrs. Burton uttered an exclamation of alarm, as she saw the cars in motion, leaving her husband

behind. She spoke to the conductor immediately, who told her he would attend to them, and that the gentleman could take the next train, a milk train, which would be along in about two hours.

“Never mind, mother,” said Frank, his little brave heart growing stronger, when he saw his mother’s agitation; “we needn’t worry about father, if he gets some crackers, and comes down where the milk cans are, he can

have a good supper of crackers and milk. I 'most wish I was with him." Mrs. Burton and Aunt Carrie smiled.

"But what shall we do, Frank?" said they. "Your father has our tickets and our purses."

"I don't know whether I *could* leave my chickens for pay," answered Frank, the tears coming quickly to his eyes at the bare possibility that he ought to be willing.

“I will not ask for your chickens, my little man,” said the conductor. “I can trust to your father’s coming to pay me.” And the conductor did trust them ; and when they reached the city, he put them in a carriage, and a few minutes’ ride brought them to their own door. Their good, kind Mary met them, and listened to all of Frank’s history, for he was wide awake now, and begged to sit up until his father came. In

due time Mr. Burton arrived, and after an expression of thankfulness for their mutual preservation, and a merry laugh all around, they retired to rest from the weariness and excitement of that long day.

Frank seemed a year older than when he went away, and I do not believe any little child ever had more pleasure in six weeks, or enjoyed more than he, in his "First Visit to the country."

CHAPTER XV.

“**W**ELL, Walter, are you most asleep ?” asked his father.

“ No, sir, indeed I’m not,” answered Walter. “ I ’most felt as if I was on grandfather’s farm, all the while Sister Dora was reading. I wonder if Frank Burton will go into the country next summer ? If I only knew

where he lived, I should like to get acquainted with him."

"I should like to go and see him," said Fanny, "for I am acquainted with him now."

"If he should go next summer, I think very likely we shall hear from him," said Mr. Lawton.

"Let me look at your book a minute, Fanny," said her father. "What is this chapter on composition?"

"Oh, I think it's very funny,

father," said Fanny. "The little boy in my book is named Alfred; his mother is trying to teach him, and this is his first composition. I guess he must have been fond of cats!" and Fanny read, while Charlie peeped over her shoulder,

"there are more than a million wild cats they are one foot long wild cats are the wildest cats you ever saw they will scratch your eyes out alfred smith."

"I think, if I was Alfred Smith,

I should want to run," said Charlie.

"I wonder how he knows wild cats are one foot long?" said Walter.

"That makes me think of our puss, Fanny," said Charlie. "Only think, we haven't been down to see her to-day."

"No," said Fanny; "and I haven't been to market for her, either. My, my! I'm afraid her six little kitties are suffering."

As the children ran down to the basement they met Nanny on the stairs. “Have you thought to feed pussy to-day?” asked Fanny.

“Yes, Miss Fanny, she had her breakfast, but never a bit since.”

Pussy was a very faithful mother; she had the largest family of any cat I ever knew; six little gray and white baby pussies. Oh, you should have seen them: they were very young, and Fanny felt

as if she had really neglected their mother, who could not leave her little ones long enough to hunt for food.

“My darling pussy, did you think I would never come?” said Fanny, laying her cheek against pussy’s soft fur.

“Meow-eow,” answered puss.

“Oh, she says No, no,” shouted Walter.

“Do you want a little soup, dear?” asked Fanny.

“Mew,” said pussy.

“That means yes, do you hear,” said Walter.

“And a little milk, darling?” continued Fanny.

“Mew,” said puss.

“And a little ham, too?”

“Meow-eow,” said the cat.

Charlie shouted, and Walter capered with delight at pussy’s sensible answers; “for you know she don’t like any thing salt,” said Walter.

After the cat had been fed, Fanny moved the kitties, and shook out the bit of carpet; and then she lifted the mother up on to the bed, and laid all her babies back, but they would not all lie straight.

“ Do see,” said Fanny, “ just as I get four or five to drinking nicely, this little fidgetty thing pokes her nose in and unsettles all the rest. Look at her! diving down ‘mongst the fur; she is all out

of sight now but the tip of her tail."

"Come, Fanny," said Charlie, "we must not stay here much longer, or I'm afraid we shall not have time before dark for a run in the park with our wagon."

The children returned to the parlor, and, obtaining permission of their mother, made preparations for another ride.

"I wish the curbs had slanting stones," said Charlie, "so that

we could run the wagon over easily."

"Perhaps you had better petition the Common Council to have all the crossings fitted up for the use of young gentlemen, with their private carriages," said Mr. Lawton.

"And if they should, I should be made Sir Charles Lawton."

"You forget, Charlie," said his father, laughing, "that in this country we do not have such

titles. You would be nothing more than Esq."

"Maybe I should be called Thoughtful Lawton."

"Ah, that would be a title with a meaning," said his father.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE the happy children were fitting out for their ride, Mr. Lawton proposed to accompany them, and that they should call on 'Aunt Sally,' an aged mulatto woman, with whom they had lately become acquainted. Mr. and Mrs. Lawton taught their children that giving alms is not the only charity which

our Divine Master requires of us ; that the aged and suffering are often cheered by the mere presence, the affectionate inquiry of a child, after their welfare. And so it was the custom of this family, not only to bestow a share of whatever they possessed, but to visit lovingly those whom they knew were unable to mingle in the active occupations of life. The children were delighted at this proposition ; for their father

knew how to make every such occasion delightful.

Aunt Sally, or more properly Sally Jennings, was miserably poor; but she was not abject. Her husband served in the army of the Revolution through the whole struggle, and was entitled to a pension from government. He died, however, before his claim could be established, and his wife never obtained the help she so much needed. They had several

children who grew up idle and vicious, because their parents, like Eli of old, restrained them not; so that now the poor old woman depended largely upon the charity of those who had known her in her better days for what scanty comforts of life she enjoyed. A daughter and two grand-children were all that were left of a large family.

When Mr. Lawton and his children went in she was sitting in

the chimney corner of a large old-fashioned fire-place resting her elbows on her knees, and smoking her pipe. A light stand was on the hearth, upon which lay her Bible. At the sound of their foot-steps, she raised her head.

“Lord! how glad I be to see ye!” she said, rising slowly and with difficulty to meet them.

“Don’t trouble yourself, Aunt Sally,” said Mr. Lawton, “to get up; we can find—seats”—chairs,

he was going to say, but there were only three in the room, herself and her grand-daughter occupying two of them.

“My *rheumatis ketches* me so sometimes,” said the old woman. “Georgy,” turning to her grand-daughter, “why don’t you *git* up and find *somewheres* for the children to *set*.”

Mr. Lawton glanced at Georgy, who got up as slowly as her grandmother, though it was not

the *rheumatis* that *ketched* her, poor child! She was self-willed and ungoverned, and seemed glad, when she had pulled out a trunk for the children to sit upon, to escape their notice, by going out through an opposite door. But Aunt Sally! I think I must tell you a little how she looked. Mr. Lawton made a sketch of her, and finished it very neatly, to keep as a family picture. She was about four and a half feet in height. Have you ever

seen at a fair a pretty pincushion made in the form of an old lady, and dressed in a Quaker dress ? If you were to look at one of those pincushions through your grandmother's spectacles (if they magnify pretty well), I think it would give you quite an idea of Aunt Sally's size, and the fashion of her dress. It is true, her gown was not of silk, but it was neat enough to suit the taste of any Friend ; and her plain cap, with its

tabs and bobbin-strings tied under her chin, was very becoming to her really pleasant face. Whether the style was one of her own choosing, or whether she adopted it in consideration of frequent donations from certain benevolent Quaker ladies, I can not say; but that was her unvarying mode. Her face, to be sure, was not as fair and rosy as the pincushion lady's. It resembled more, in color, a faded India-rubber doll's,

with those numerous lines intersecting each other like river courses on a map, which every little girl has seen on an aged India-rubber baby's skin. But the eyes lighting up her thin faded face, with the expression of a living soul, inspired those who looked upon her with involuntary respect, not unmixed, as they marked her whole appearance, with a feeling of pity.

After a few pleasant inquiries,

she repeated, “ How glad I be that you thought enough of me to take this trouble ! I *git* a good many nice things sent to me ; but hardly any body thinks to come and *set* down with me ; and these ’ere short cold days I’m ’most ’feared to *venter* out.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Lawton, “ you are most too old to go out in winter.”

“ I was *twelve year old* when the tea was thrown overboard in

Boston harbor," said the old woman.

"Now, children," said Mr. Lawton, "if you know when that took place, you can calculate Aunt Sally's age. It is now 1857."

The children calculated for a minute or two, and then they exclaimed, "Why! father!"

They drew around him, and whispered, as if they were in the presence of some mighty personage. And so indeed they were.

I would that little children, that we all, might cherish a reverence for old age ! and treasure up the kind memories they bring to us from the far off sunny land of their own childhood.

“ And so you have seen Washington ! ” said Charlie.

“ Yes, my little boy,” said Aunt Sally (Charlie was an inch or two taller than she). “ Yes, I have seen Washington ! I seen him made President : Oh, but that was

a mighty gatherin'!" Charlie felt almost as if he had seen him.

"You must *git* your pa to show you the City Hall down in Wall-street; there's where he was '*nog-irated*.'

Charlie looked at his father, and they smiled. They thought Aunt Sally had forgotten the changes that had taken place in Wall-street.

Mr. Lawton talked of other things, and she told them of the

trials of her life. She could speak of death with great sweetness, and said she did not know why the Lord left her so long. Mr. Lawton answered, "We have all something to do ; you can teach others a lesson of patience, by quietly waiting God's time to call you to himself."

" Maybe, maybe so," she said, mournfully ; " but sometimes I'm 'most 'feared I shall forgit when my William went away, and my

babes, 'tis such a long, long time.' Tears came into Walter's eyes, and Fanny's were moist.

"Ye must come and see me often, *childern*," said Aunt Sally, as they shook hands with her. Their young spirits were awed, and their father answered cheerfully for them, and then they tiptoed out into the clear beautiful light of the setting day.

Eddie had scarcely spoken a word; but when they reached the

open air, he said, “What a funny little old girl she is, papa!”

Mr. Lawton explained to him that she was older than ‘grandma;’ and then he wanted to know when she would be grown up; and Fanny said, “O, Eddie! child! it’s no use ‘splaining to you; if you think it’s taken her till past ninety to be a little girl, I wonder what time you ‘spose she will get to be a woman.”

As they drew near home, Charlie

and Walter asked to stay out a few minutes longer, and roll their hoops. Eddie said he wanted to go home and get his supper, "I's so sleepy," he said. The little creature had been up since five o'clock, and had traveled more than one mile on his little locomotive. Then he had driven Walter's donkey to market many times, with the panniers filled with mamma's buttons for eggs, and for turnips; and he had help-

ed Noah and his three sons, more times than he could count, to lead out all the beasts of the field, and every creeping thing.

Eddie knew better than some little boys when he was tired, and on this occasion, as his mother put him in bed, he said to her, “Now, mamma, kiss my cheek, now my mouth, now my two eyes —there, that will do, mamma, now go down stairs.”

CHAPTER XVII.

S Mrs. Lawton left the room she heard the voices of the children. Walter was crying.

“What is the matter, my dear?” she asked.

“My hoop rolled down into an area,” he replied, “and broke a pane of glass. What will the lady think?”

“I want you should go back,”

said his mother, “and ask her to excuse you, and tell her I will pay for setting another.”

“Oh, mother, I can’t! What if she shouldn’t excuse me?”

“She will, my dear, you go and try,” said his mother. “You are a brave little boy, where many others are timid; and you do not fear to go wherever I send you, even in the dark; and I want you should learn there is another kind of courage, and that is moral cour-

age. You must not fear to confess wrong doing or carelessness, for it was certainly careless in you to let your hoop break that window."

"But, mother, maybe that lady is not like you; maybe she will speak cross to me."

"You must not let that fear hinder you from doing what is right," said Mrs. Lawton.

"Well, mother, I will do as you wish: may Nanny go with me?"

“Yes, I will go with you,” said Nanny, who had heard what trouble Walter was in. Her kind heart always prompted her to deeds of kindness, and she and Walter were on the best terms.

“Any how,” said Walter, as they went down the steps together, “I was a good boy about one thing. A little fellow asked us for a ride just now, and said he would give us some marbles. I told him we would give him a

ride, but we didn't want his marbles."

In a few moments Walter came back smiling.

"Well," said his mother, as she saw him coming, "did the lady excuse you?"

"Indeed she did, ma am," answered Nanny, quickly. "Sich a sinsible boy; he spoke like a man, as he is."

"Now you are much happier, Walter," said his mother, "than

you could have been, had you not confessed your fault. Come and kiss me."

Walter put his arm about his mother, and laid his cheek caressingly to hers. He, too, was growing weary after such a long and busy day.

Sister Dora, and Charlie and Fanny were standing at the window with their father, watching the last ray of sunlight, and the coming of the evening star; and

Walter's mother drew him gently toward them. Mr. Lawton was speaking to his children of the wonders and beauties of creation, and as he directed their eyes upward, the deepening shadows of night revealed to them star after star. "Look," he said, "before the first man sank to his first sleep in Eden, these

" 'Sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,'

and nightly they are found in

their appointed place. I never lay my head upon the pillow that I do not look out upon the night; and, whether they meet my eye, or are veiled by clouds, I know their light is still in the heavens. Let your thoughts often go up to contemplate their silent beauty."

The little family circle gathered about the fire, for a pleasant talk at twilight. The children seated themselves upon the hearth-rug, and Walter leaned back against

his mother. As he did so, he spied his hat, which he had thrown on one corner of the rug on returning with Nanny, and in the crown pussy lay curled up, at least as much of her as could be squeezed in; her head laid upon one side, and her tail upon the opposite portion of the brim. The children gave a merry shout, which roused pussy from her dozy state. She yawned, and tried to get up, but she stuck fast in the hat; and

then the children all laughed again.

“ You know, mother,” said Walter, “ pussy used to have a trick of sleeping in my hat when she was young ; I suppose she forgets how much bigger she is now. Never mind, pussy, I will help you out.”

As he did so, and leaned back again against his mother, the cat walked up to him and began licking his fingers, and then his

face, and finally his very eyelids.

“She is paying her respects to me,” said Walter; “‘the compliments of the season,’ as you said, Charlie. Well, now, I should like to have about fifty cats walk in and pay their respects to me in this way, and then walk out.”

“And you would like to have new year’s calls from a train of cats, Walter,” said Mrs. Lawton. “Seeing pussy’s struggles to get

out of your hat, reminds me of that amusing piece of Cowper's, 'The Retired Cat.' "

"What is it, mother? Can you repeat it for us?" said the children.

"I do not think I can repeat it word for word," said Mrs. Lawton; "but I remember the story."

"Well, tell us the story, then, mother; that will do just as well," said Walter.

"Persons of delicate, affection-

ate natures," said Mrs. Lawton, "who love to trace the hand of God in all his works, are, frequently, close observers of the habits of animals. The poet had a favorite cat, whose pretty little ways he was fond of noticing. He said she would often seat herself in some convenient place, where she could watch the gardener at his work. One day she perched herself up in a tree. It happened the wind blew rather

fresh, and rumpled her fur, so she fidgeted a while, and then came down, and seated herself in an old empty watering pot, which, being made of tin,

“ ‘Was cold and comfortless within.’

She soon came out of that, and concluded she would seek

“ ‘Within her master’s snug abode’

a quiet place to ‘sit and think.’

“ It chanced that in the poet’s room, a bureau drawer (it was the

top drawer, you must remember that) had been left open. Puss sprang up and looked in. It was lined with fine soft linen, and she said to herself, ‘This was surely left open purposely for me;’ so she stepped daintily in, and curled herself up.

“‘Lulled by her own hum-drum song,
She left the cares of life behind,’

and soon composed herself to sleep. Presently the chamber-maid came in and closed the

drawer. Puss roused a little, and said to herself,

““ Was ever cat so well attended ;
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me ;
For, soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed ;
I will resign myself to rest
Until the sun is in the west ;”

and then,

““ No doubt,
Susan will come, and let me out.”

The day passed on, and night came (with puss it was night all the time), and Susan did not come to let her out. The poor creature

grew hungry, and was sadly pinched for room. It chanced that night that her master lay awake. He heard a great 'scratching ;'

“ His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—What's that ?”

When presently he heard a 'long and melancholy mew ;' he knew the voice, and guessed it was imprisoned in the bureau. He began in haste to search the drawers,

“ The *lowest first*, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top;

For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That, whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.'

As he opened the top drawer,
out stepped madam puss, looking
meek and sober, quite cured of
all her notions about being so
well attended.

“ ‘ Then stepped the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head :
Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence ;
Or you will learn, in tribulation,
The folly of your expectation.’ ”

“ How funny it seems for men

to be writing about pussies in that way, don't it?" said Walter.

"The wisest men are they," answered his mother, "who can best read such mute expressions."

"Ah, pussy," said Charlie, "you don't seem to pay much attention; maybe, if your master had been a poet, you might have had some taste for poetry; but I think it's time you went back to your babies."

"Open the door for her," said

Mrs. Lawton ; “a pussy will be a pussy all the world over. It is for us to read, like the poet, the lessons of wisdom her movements teach. Charlie, I think you must remember Wordsworth’s ‘Kitten and Falling Leaves.’ Can’t you recite it for us in this pleasant twilight ? He seems, you know, to be talking to his baby.” Charlie began :

“ That way look, my infant, lo !
What a pretty baby-show !

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall ;
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree !

Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly : one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.

But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow.

There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none :
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !

With a tiger-leap, half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again :
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure !”

“ I think,” said Walter, “ that we ought to make a collection of *cat poetry.*”

“Or poetry about cats,” said his mother. “Did you ever hear that the Italian poet Tasso wrote a sonnet to his cat, begging her to lend him the light of her eyes, while he was composing, as he was too poor to afford a candle?”

“Did she do it, mother?” asked Walter.

“No doubt she sung to him,” said Mrs. Walton, “after he had honored her with his verses.”

Fanny drew near to her mother,

and asked her to light up a transparency which stood upon the mantel, representing Christ and the Magdalen. The cold, white porcelain plate was suddenly illumined with the soft, tender compassionate expression which marks the face of Jesus in these beautiful representations. The shrinking form of the poor sinful woman, caused Fanny, as she looked upon it, to draw close to her mother's sheltering arms, and

she asked, with a deeper desire to know than she had ever before realized,

“Mother, tell me what Jesus is saying, and why that woman hides her face so?”

“You remember,” said Mrs. Lattion, “the Scripture says, that after the men had entered their complaint to Jesus against this woman, he said to them, ‘*Let him who is without sin among you cast a stone.*’ It was customary in

those days to stone criminals to death. Those men, who had been so clamorous for justice, shrunk from that mild, yet heart-searching rebuke. One by one they withdrew from the presence of Jesus; until, as you see, the conscience-stricken creature was alone before him. ‘Woman,’ he said, ‘where are thine accusers? Does no man condemn thee?’ And she answered, ‘No man, Lord.’ ‘Neither do I condemn thee,’ said

he ; 'go, and sin no more.' That incident in the life of Jesus is beautifully represented here. I often repeat to myself, when I look upon it, some of those lines Charlie recited for us this morning :

“ ‘ What if my foot may not tread where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee’s flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane’s garden of prayer ;

“ ‘ Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near,
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany’s tomb, or on Olivet’s brow.

“‘Oh, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
The *Spirit* surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, unchanging, its Pentecost flame
On the heart’s secret altar is burning the same.’”

The children gazed long and tenderly; the quiet hour, their very weariness, softening the impulses ever present with the young.

“It is a fitting time for us to study such a picture,” said Mrs. Lawton. “A new year has opened upon us. As we stand on its threshold and look back, is there

no word or deed that we could wish to hide from those pure eyes? Which of us, my children, could cast the first stone at an offending brother? The beautiful language uttered to that poor shrinking woman is still pleading with us—‘ Go, and sin no more.’ ”

THE END.



